

The White Knights

by Xavios

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Summary: The last of the Jedi and the Galactic Republic, with their hands barely gripping the control of the galaxy. The Jedi must use the most desperate of measures if they can destroy the Sith, even if it means becoming like the Sith themselves. But those who call themselves the White Knights will not stoop to the levels of the fallen Jedi. Led by Maven Jenoh, the mystery of Malacor V.

The White Knights

****I write some of the he's, him's, himself's and et cetera with****
*****"** around it to refer to a specific person. He has no name yet in this chapter, but it will be revealed in the next one. I just didn't want to confuse you guys. I would change it to something generic, but this was how I wrote it out in my head so it has to stay. I hope you like it. Remember that this is set about 60 years after the events of Episode 6: Return of the Jedi. Imagine that the events of Episode 7: The Force Awakens never happened okay? Thank you so much for reading this and I hope you enjoy.**

****I have every intention of making this a REALLY long story, possibly with a sequel.****

* * *

><p>Light, white light was all that could be seen. Amongst the sounds of the thick forest all around was the roar of an engine, the sound of trees rushing as if trying to run away. It was the first thing "he" saw. The first thing that was "his" own. "His" mind flashed with images of things called sun's, things "he" had never seen, but knew of. "He" saw hundreds of images of stars, and ships, and cantina lights, and spot lights. Images from around the world, no the Galaxy, rushed through "his" mind one after the other. Sounds and smells that "he" had never heard or smelled filled his entire being. "His" head twinged in pain and "he" forced the images, the feelings, the sensations away. They were not "him", this was "him". The rush of the

trees and the roar of the ship above "him", the first thing "he'd" ever seen and it was beautiful to "him".<p>

The roar died down and the lights descended and a small whine escaped "his" lips. "He" tried to stand, and "his" wobbly legs forced "him" back down. "He" tried again and "his" surprisingly tired legs forced themselves up. A smile fit "his" lips and he began to walk and jog, loving the feeling of using "his" legs for the first time. "He" saw it in his head, he'd ran and walked plenty of times, but not "HE", "HIMSELF". IT filled "him" with joy to do something "HE" had never done before, it was amazing. Everything was a first, to "him", but then again, not a first. He could see it done, through eyes "his" own, but not "his" own. The joy to do things for the first time was overwhelming, and a "he" couldn't help but laugh, another first that was not a first.

"Master Jenoh, tell me again WHY we are searching through a giant jungle. Of all people why us? Why not the other apprentices." came a voice that cut through the thicket of the forest.

"He" looked wide eyed at towards the speaker, a golden-skinned Twi' lek, with long lekku, both draped over one shoulder. She spoke to a tall human male, a brunette with a stern face. "He" thought his face made him feel safe.

"Because, Yimina, Master Skywalker has entrusted us with the task, he doesn't trust any of the youngling's anyway. Be grateful." He replied, voice just as stern as his face, but that sternness looked caring to "him".

The Twi' lek girl let out a long sigh before continuing to look at several plants, tapping things into the datapad in the crook of her arm. A small rat like creature scurried away when she nudged it, more than a dozen smaller ones following close behind, if not faster. "He" shuffled into the bushes, eyes filled with wonder as again images flashed in "his" mind. Images of the Twi' lek, the hundred of different versions of them and the way they were. The beautiful and the ugly, the strong and the weak, the force-sensitive and those who could not feel the life-giving essence of the entire universe. The thought of the force filled "his" being and more images and feelings flashed through his mind. Images of fire and lightning, of objects raising in the air, of people dying by pure power.

The twinge reformed in "his" head and "he" frowned, shoving the thoughts of the force away. Again, he rustled through the trees, and the Twi' lek girl glanced up, eyes narrowing thoroughly. Her eyes scanned the bushes and a small frown appeared on her face. The datapad disappeared into the fold of her robe and she drew out a silver rod, a lightsaber. Again, images flashed through "his" mind. Images of Jedi and of the force. The all-powerful essence that filled everyone and everything but that only few could feel around them. Flashes of fighting and war mixed with the peace of the force and the hatred of the dark side seemed to overpower "him". Pain and fear filled "his" entire being and he moaned softly, clutching both sides of "his" head with "his" hands.

The warm purple glow of a lightsaber replaced the eerie dark that surrounded the forest and the visions in "his" mind hesitated, then fell away, and the pain with it. "He" watched the blade and more than a few images again flew through "his" mind. Flashes of blue, red,

green, orange, purple, yellow... silver. "He" moved closer, not bothering to sneak, as "he" knew no reason why "he" should hide from such beauty.

"Who's there!" the twi'lek said. voice clear and precise.

The words filled "his" mind, sending even more images, sounds, smells, and sensations, but again "he" shoved them away, letting his being focus on the beautiful glow that filled the darkness. A yellow flash flew at "him" and ripped "him" from "his" spot amongst the bushes. A small gasp of surprise came from "his" throat as "he" was roughly tossed down, purple heat so near to "his" throat.

"Who are you?" Yuna yelled, her voice threatening. "What are you doing here, and naked of all things"

"He" looked down at "himself" and red flushed "his" cheeks. Hundreds of words filled "his" mind, words that were just like the ones she was speaking. Their meanings and the way they worked all working themselves into the folds of "his" mind as if "he" had known them "himself" for years, and perhaps "he" had. Perhaps "he" was wrong and these were "his" thoughts, but "he" couldn't believe so, not with so many different things going through "his" mind at once. These were the memories of others, memories of people and beings, gone for thousands of years, and now those memories were "his".

"Hello," he said softly, unsure if it was really him that was speaking.

"He" liked his voice he realized. It was soft and smooth. Slightly high-pitched and juvenile, like he had not yet matured. Perhaps "he" hadn't as well, who knew how old he was or what species he was. Who knew how long it would be until he did actually mature.

"Who are you?" she asked again

Hundreds of names flashed through "his" mind all at once, but none of them were "his" to claim. These were the names of others, others who had died. "His" mind searched and searched for what was not there, for the answer that "he" needed to see, or hear, but would never find. How old was "he", what was "his" name, was "he" human, a twi'lek. Was "he" alive, or was this all just a dream that "he" was living in some sort of afterlife. Memories flashed through "his" mind once again. Images of twi'leks like Yuna, people whose name was Yuna. Images of lightsabers and the force and war and blood and destruction. The thoughts and sounds and smells and all of the sensations that other people had felt, all filling one mind all at once. Millions, no trillions, fit into one small body barely able to contain the new things around "him". Things that "he" had never seen yet "he" had, once before.

Blood trickled from "his" nose as "he" thrashed under the glow of Yuna's blade. She quickly pulled away so "he" wouldn't be hurt, but "he" WAS hurt, as she could most obviously tell just then.

"MASTER JENOH! OVER HERE NOW!" she screamed as she looked at him with a worried yet untrusting glance.

She stooped down, face closer to "his" and that same worried yet untrusting look filled his view. It filled "him" with fear beyond what

"he" was already feeling as the visions flashed through "his". Millions of millions of images and sensations coming to "him" all at once. "He" did not want her to touch "him", not her, not someone who didn't truly care. "He" felt the pain and fear as black slowly closed over the corners of "his" eyes. The world became blurry around Yuna's face to "him" and tears flowed freely from his eyes as his head roared with pain.

"H-help... me" "he" cried with tears staining "his" cheeks. "Please, it hurts... it hurts so much, please... help me"

Yuna looked at "him" and true worry filled his eyes. The glow of the force surrounded "him" and "he" rose into the air, tears now dripping off of the side of "his" face to the ground and mixing with the blood that seemed to pour from his mouth, nose, ears, and eyes.

"It hurts" he cried.

Jenoh ran into the clearing, surprised at what he was seeing, but wasted no time.

"Yuna, start up the ship and tell Aaina to have the med bay ready, he needs medical attention now!" Jenoh yelled.

"He" couldn't help but smile as warm arms wrapped around him, then the strong kind face of a man filled his view.

"You're going to be alright," Jenoh said, "You'll be fine, just hold on, just hold on."

This man who "he" didn't know had more than willingly helped "him". "Him", a naked stranger appearing from nowhere in one of the most dangerous planets in that sector of the galaxy, and this man had saved "him".

"Hold okay, just a little longer." Jenoh breathed as he ran, with "him" in his arms to the shuttle.

Light filled "his" view, but was slowly covered by black. The beeping sounds and the roar of ships mechanics filled his ears. "He" took a moment to realize that the images and memories were gone, replaced only with the image of the man's caring face. A small smile played over "his" lips as "he" was laid into a thin bed. "He" caught a glimpse of the man's face only once more before black swallowed "him" up and he heard, saw, felt, or smelled anything. Everything was black, and there was only the darkness, and then, even that too was swallowed by the nothing that invaded "his" mind. Then it swallowed "him" as well. And then there really was NOTHING.

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading, I hope you liked it. I plan on most of my chapters being relatively this long, but maybe more around 1000 words instead of 1800 almost. Please leave me reviews, I'd love to hear what you all have to say. This is my first time actually posting any of my work online, FanFictions are not the only thing I write though so look at my WattPad too, I'll be posting some stuff on there as well. Again thank you. Also, no flaming or mean reviews, please. BE nice, haters gonna hate, I know, but still. :P

****Xavios out- ****

End
file.